# *Of Publick Good.*

PORTICO.

AN

# EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

Dalrymple 2nd

## John Earl of Stair.

*Pulchrum eſt benefacere Reipublicæ, etiam benedicere haud abſurdum eſt.*

SALLUST.

*LONDON:*

Printed for J. WILFORD, behind the Chapter-Houſe, St. *Paul*'s Church-yard.

M.DCC.XXXIII.

[Price Sixpence.]

[Price Sixpence.]

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

Printed for J. MILFORD, behind the
Chapter-House in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

LONDON:

---

Frontispiece et [illegible] Portraiture [illegible] Epistle

Stanza.

[illegible]

# Joint Fast of Satan.

To the Right Honourable

# EARL

A

---

Of Barrack Good.

S117
17

# *Of Publick Good.*

---

AN

# EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

## *JOHN* Earl of *Stair.*

WHY thoſe Diſputes about the *Publick Good?*
So little ſought! ſo little underſtood!
Shall wrangling Scriblers write Us out of Senſe,
And Politicians prate away our Pence?
When neither Theſe, nor Thoſe, for all their Zeal,
Glow, with true Ardor, for the *common Weal*;

Scarce ſeem to have Ideas of the Thing,
Some for the People *only*, others for the King!

But moſt ſo much their own *dear ſelves* admire,
No generous Flames their ſordid Breaſts inſpire!
Yet, falſely, think the Meaſures, they purſue
For *private Ends*, imply the *publick* too:
Or, while *Self-Int'reſt* is their only Aim,
Preſume to arrogate the PATRIOT's Name!

Whate'er they mean, if *Lawyers* gain their Ends,
By jarring *Clients*, with the World they're Friends:
Say *Things go well*, and wonder that Mankind
Are not *Nem' Con'* entirely of their Mind.
But ill the *Publick* fares, *Phyſicians* cry,
If *Health* prevails! and *Sextons* tell a Lye,
Who ſay they're *griev'd*, when Men by Dozens *die*.

*Prieſts*

*Prieſts*, *Biſhops*, *Popes*, the univerſal Herd
Of Names, for ſacred Offices rever'd,
Whate'er their Aims t'impoſe on credulous Elves,
Pretend their *Flocks*, but practiſe for *Themſelves*.
Sordid *Self-Int'reſt*, thus, for ever joyn'd
With *Fraud*, unworthy of a noble Mind,
Among all Ranks, however ſmall, or great,
Proves the moſt tempting and prevailing *Cheat*;
Often miſguides to *wicked Ends* our *Wills*,
And with *falſe Happineſs* ſmooths o'er our *Ills*!
It makes whate'er leads to it *Reaſon* ſeem,
And *Error* paſs for *Truth*, in Mens Eſteem.
So rare is real *Patriotiſm* ſhown!
And *publick Good* ſo little ſought and known!

But what makes Mortals thus in Love with *Self*,
And ſtudy *Publick Int'reſt* leſs than *Self*?

Is it, O Nature, thy *deſpotick Law?*
Or, in our *Conſtitution*, left a *Flaw?*
Can *Riches* yield more Pleaſure to the Mind,
Than *common Happineſs* of human Kind?
Why ſuch diſcordant Sentiments of *Good?*
And why ſo many *different Ways* purſu'd?

To You, my Lord, the MUSE's Thoughts I ſend,
To You, my *Firſt* and *Never-failing* Friend,
No vulgar *Patron*, of the modern Sort,
No Promiſe-breaking *Triſler* of the *Court*,
By idle *Rumour*, or by *Whim* miſled,
In *Books* and *Men* and *Politicks* unread;
But whoſe whole Conduct has, by all confeſs'd,
Rank'd You among the *braveſt* and the *beſt*,
A *Soldier*, *Scholar*, *Stateſman*, *Patriot*, join'd,
Whom *Avarice* and *Ambition* ne'er cou'd blind,

And whoſe great Name, your Country's Glory grown,
Is round the *Nations* venerably known!

By whom, but one, who *publick Int'reſt* knows,
And with ſtrong Paſſion for his *Country* glows;
Ever obſervant of the *ſtanding Laws*,
And ever zealous for the *common Cauſe*;
Shou'd I, to ſing of *publick Int'reſt* mov'd,
Ambitious, labour to be well approv'd?
To whom, but *ſuch an Arbiter*, ſubmit
With Rev'rence all my *Judgment* and my *Wit*,
Sue for Protection from the CRITICK's Rage,
And the more dreaded *Pertneſs* of the Age?

Yes, my lov'd Lord, to *You* I make Appeal,
To *You* ſubmit my Senſe of *common Weal*,
Who never yet your ſteady Eye withdrew
From that dear, precious, *Patriot Point of View*;

Never

Never to *private Int'reſt* glanc'd aſide,
Whether by *Smiles* or *Frowns* of Fortune try'd;
And, whether *in* or *out* of *Place*, the ſame,
Has kept your *Temper*, *Honeſty*, and *Fame!*
HEROES alone ſuch *Virtue* can maintain;
And who *beſide* deſerve the POET's Strain?

O were my MUSE to ſuch a Height arriv'd,
To *write* as well, as You, my Lord, have liv'd!
Cou'd I my *Colours* from your *Conduct* take,
And *copy STAIR* for his *BRITANNIA*'s Sake!
No modern BARD ſhou'd *merit* more the Bays,
Nor longer *laſte* the Theme of future Praiſe.
Yet, *to attempt* of *publick Good* to ſing,
Is no diſhoneſt, nor inglorious, Thing.
*Wiſhes* for *common Bleſſings* are the *Mites*,
Which *humble* PATRIOTS pay, as Love excites.

We

We *think*, or *ſpeak* for *publick Weal*—but *You*
And *your Compeers* are bleſt with Pow'r to *do*.

But what's the *Publick?* Can it be the Crowd
Of *vulgar Men*, with Souls of Slaves endu'd?
The Scorn of Nature! Lees of human Kind!
Unskill'd in Arts! of Manners unrefin'd!
Low-born, low-bred! a wild tumultuous Herd
United! that muſt be ſo high prefer'd?
In Nonſenſe loud! in Reaſon ever dumb!
Can Millions of ſuch Cyphers make a Sum?
Shou'd Crows, in th'Eagles Preſence, be eſteem'd?
Yet ſuch affect the *Publick* to be deem'd!

Or can, my Lord, the Prince himſelf lay Claim,
With all his Court, to this important Name?
Princes were made to govern ſuch as Theſe,
But not to act, deſpotic, what they pleaſe.

Tribute's their Due; but moſt their Aim ſhould be
To ſhield the People, and preſerve them free.
To Happineſs the low entitled are,
And none will ſerve without their lawful Share.

Then ſtate I not impartially the Caſe,
When firſt I give the Conſtitution Place,
And call, of *Publick Good* the Care and Cauſe,
Our Right, and rightly executed, Laws?
Laws! whoſe due Influence, like the World's great Soul,
Affects each Part, and regulates the whole,
Extends its Bleſſings both to great and ſmall,
And proves the common Happineſs of all!

Happy *Britannia*, could thy Sons agree,
To keep Themſelves, as Nature meant them, free!
Preſerve due Ballance, and, with patient Will,
Their Senates's righteous Sentences fulfil!

But,

But, like the *Jews*, a murmuring, reſtleſs, Race,
They claſh in Schemes of Policy and Grace,
One Day deſtroying what the other rear'd,
And clouding now what juſt before was clear'd.

By ſenſeleſs Sects and fooliſh Factions rent,
As the fair Iſland from the Continent,
*Britons* their common Int'reſt ſeldom view,
Or long with animated Wills purſue;
Some, graſping at Precedence and Command,
Enrich their Houſes, but embroil the Land;
Others, their Rights o'er-rating, lawleſs turn,
And civil Life and due Decorum ſpurn.

'Tis hence, my Lord, ſuch dreadful Miſchief ſprings,
Unbleſt the People, and unfix'd our Kings---
Theſe to enlarge Prerogative too prone,
Thoſe to be independent of the Throne!

So

So weak, ſo giddy are our Natures made,
And Pow'r and Murmuring ſo become a Trade.

A middle and an equal Courſe to keep;
Not bear too high an Hand, nor baſely creep;
No lawleſs Mandates from the Court receive,
Nor grumble what it juſtly asks to give;
Prerogative and Privilege defend,
Alike the King and Country's common Friend;
Is every honeſt, worthy, Patriot's Part,
Who ſtrongly holds the *Publick Good* at Heart.
Such hate all Tyrants, and diſdain to bear
A Chain, which none but ſervile Souls will wear;
Dare, in the Face of Falſehood, Truth maintain,
And ſcorn to trim, or truckle low for Gain:
But, ever faithful to their Country's Cauſe,
At the Expence of Honour, ſcorn Applauſe;
Court not the Rabble, inſolent and proud,
And ſtill againſt their preſent Rulers loud;

Alarm

Alarm the Country with imagin'd Woes,
Nor work the peaceful Subjects into Foes;
Never with Jealouſy their Minds inſpire,
Nor ſet their Fury and their Rage on Fire.
Beyond or Love's or Friendſhip's Sacred Band,
Beyond themſelves they prize their native Land,
Hazard their Fortunes to preſerve its Peace,
And rather die than ſee its Safety ceaſe.

But who, my Lord, this Character can claim,
And has, like You, eſtabliſh'd thus his Fame?
Where are the Patriots, whoſe chief Paſſions move,
And have their Being in their Country's Love?
When abject Souls do good, they hope Reward,
Or their own Int'reſt in the Act regard:
But Virtue, without mercenary Views,
For its own Sake, the generous Aim purſues.
Pleas'd with the Theme, the Ages paſt I trace,
And view, with Rev'rence, Patriots in their Place!

I ſee, or ſeem to ſee the Dead ariſe,
And, with their Virtues, ſtrike the Muſe's Eyes!
Here, wiſe *Lycurgus*, with intrepid Heart,
There, prudent *Solon*, acts a Patriot's Part.
Now, *Ariſtides*, honeſt and upright,
Then, brave *Epaminondas*, charms my Sight.
God-like *Timoleon*, with aſſiduous Care,
All for his Country can, but Baſeneſs, dare.
*Publicola*, by gentle Means, eſſays
To reſcue *Rome*, and its old Glory raiſe:
But the ſtern *Cato*, following Nature's Laws,
Fights and falls greatly in the People's Cauſe.
Crowds of old Patriots fill the glorious Scene,
Majeſtic each, and of a charming Mien!
But Thought, in vain, wou'd penetrate each Breaſt,
And ſet to View the Virtues all poſſeſs'd.
In various Ways, firm and reſolv'd they ſtood,
Deſpiſing Death for their dear Country's Good.
No falſe Ambition cou'd their Conduct ſway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to obey.

Free

Free from both Self-Deſire, and Self-Deſign,
Like their great Souls, their Actions were divine!
But, tho' by various, God-like Virtues crown'd,
And long by rev'rend Time, in Fame, renown'd,
What were they all, and how their Glory loſt,
Compar'd to one, who all their Worth engroſs'd,
Singly compriz'd the Excellence they ſhar'd,
Tho', (ſhameful Caſe!) without the World's Regard?
*Wallace!* our common Country's higheſt Pride,
And Ornament of human Kind beſide!
When Prince and People to a Tyrant bow'd,
Alone he ſtood, and ſcorn'd to be ſubdu'd.
In ſpite of Foreign and Domeſtick Foes,
In ſpite of Fortune's never-failing Blows,
While Life remain'd, he kept his Country free,
Nor cou'd his Mind ſubmit to Fate's Decree,
When, baſely by his truſted Friend betray'd,
His Body on the burning Pile was laid.
In Flames he triumph'd; and his honour'd Name,
While Truth prevails, will blaſt Firſt *Edward*'s Fame.

Had

Had Luſt of Pow'r or Profit rul'd his Heart;
Had Spight or Malice made him act his Part;
Had ought, but Love of Liberty and Right,
His Country's Glory, been his Soul's Delight,
Ill had he merited his Fame and Truſt,
And Martyrdom had been a Vengeance juſt.
But him no ſordid Motive, View or Aim,
Not ev'n the univerſal Paſſion, Fame,
Engaged to ſtruggle for his Country's Good,
And greatly ſeal it with his deareſt Blood.

O Liberty! for Thee the Good and Brave
Their precious Lives, their All, with Pleaſure gave!
Thou art the Charm, which raviſh'd all their Hearts,
And made the Heroes act ſuch Patriot Parts.
Inſpir'd by Thee, the low and abject born,
Ignoble Servitude and Thraldom ſcorn.
What Soul, that taſtes thy Sweets, will ſervile be?
Mind is the Man, and Life is to be free.

*F I N I S.*